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London triumphs, an outcast among the Nonconformist, yet turning the heads of the elder deacons as well as playing havoc with the younger divines; and last the most complex character of all—a woman living in voluntary poverty in order to do her part in the common work of brotherhood, apart from all Churches, but touching many lives for their good, and too much a student of science to be able to conform to the creed of any Church, and yet the truest Christian character in the book.

THE HELPMATE. By May Sinclair. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

In "The Helpmate," Mr. and Mrs. Majendie have just been married when the book opens, and on the third day of their union, Mrs. Majendie sat on the edge of the bed at four o'clock in the morning, and asked her drowsy husband, "Who is Lady Cayley?" On receiving no satisfactory reply, "she rose slipped from the bed and went to a chair that stood by the open window.

'Anne,' said her husband, 'what are you doing out there?'

Anne made no answer.

'Come back to bed; you'll catch cold.'

He waited.

'How long are you going to sit there in that draught?'

She sat on, upright, immovable, in her night gown, racked by the keen air of the dawn." And the wise reader would do well to leave her sitting there for it is nine years later and on the last page of the book before she gets back into that bed.

The whole story is a thumb-nail sketch of the marriage relations between a husband and wife. When one advances the other retreats, when one is up the other is down—and it is rather cleverly done; but the skill is of the kind that delights in engraving the Lord's Prayer on a dime—which is a misuse of both the dime and the prayer. So it is unfair to make a novel out of an abnormal situation, and it is unfair to the marriage state to have this particular study set forth; for it is in no sense typical and could not help anyone, even if people could get themselves into any such position. It is easy to

imagine, however, that many people will read the book and like it, for the author's ability to depict her characters is not to be questioned; she even makes the situations interesting when all hope of making them convincing is lost. There are very few characters—and indeed, Mrs. Majendie's conscience is so large and overwhelming that there is little room for anything else when it is around; full justice is done to the few characters, however, for they are well drawn, and the rest of the space is devoted to the analysis of the wife's conscience. Due to the vagaries of this conscience, Mrs. Majendie breaks all of her marriage vows but one, and her husband breaks the one vow which his wife keeps. This results in his maintaining another establishment, and if one were not sure of the conventions one might well ask which of the two women the author had in mind as the "Help-mate;" nothing so interesting as that, however, is in the author's purpose and Majendie finally wins his wife's affections, long after she has forfeited all of the reader's sympathies and the book closes with a reconciliation which is complete, though one is inclined to be skeptical as to its permanence.

THE DANCE OF LOVE. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

This is a curious story of a giddy romantic youth in Mediæval times (with very modern atmosphere) who leaves his beloved mother under sad circumstances in "quest of love"—to find the woman of his fate, who will have "the key of his life hung to a chain around her neck." He could have for the asking, the lovely Alice, whom he has known all his life, who has riches and beauty—"cheeks like milk and apple blossoms; straight as a tree, fresh as a leaf," etc., but he calls her dull, not stimulating. He must needs see the world for himself, and find the soul-filling woman—he must carve his fortunes by sword and buckler; he must shield the weak, fight for the right. So turning his back upon his mother, his home and the "cool, calm Alice" he begins his quest of love, and the story bewilders one in the mazes of the Yolandes—Phillipas, Annes, Mayots and Madonnas who all fail in turn to satisfy his quixotic soul, until